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VOLUME XXV.

Original Poetry.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I raise thy pretty face;
From thy sweet bosom place;
And bid thee sleep in rest,
U. and the crowd, my poor, I see not these.

The presence could beguile
Long hours of heavy load;

Indust, my love, is dead—
Be it now thy eyes' blue tenderlook.

O! what delight it was
From work to pause,

And thy pale lip with ardent blisse warm;

And to my heart close press thy little form.

Howe'er, the world is wide,
And thou art gone.

Howe'er, the world is wide,
And thou art gone.

I wonder her and she, and find no rest—
Ak! never more can this lone heart be sted.

Had I a peacock's throne,
A dove would sit thereon;

Where far and wide all the world's joyous,
Him and his eagle their broad wings unfurled;

Or all the mines of gold;
Which chose rich regions hold;

That could not give me a bleeding soul,

And giv me dying joy to Spain;

To win another year—
Of life, or thy, my dear,

Not on thy wrists would I lay—
To lay thy spirit on the bier of fate.

Wrote thy spirit winging—dust—
My bosom, my sweet—!

It can't be—tis a hundred dream of night—
Sweet Jesus! clasp with the morning light.

My great soul we—

I saw her cheeks' sweet blushes fade away,

At eighty did the ruddy tints of day.

I saw the taper's light—
Still left the lengthen'd night;

And bid me come—
The watch count seconds which were hours to me.

I felt her shortening breaths—
And yet I thought that Death

Deared us his blunting finger bones to lay

Upon us—

I saw her eyes—
I saw my darling die;

I saw her die—
And yet this last of stone

Brake not—broke at Mary's dual death.

I saw her eyes—
I saw the grave—

I heard the ringing chimes, the winter's sigh—
God knew how far it yet I did not die.

Would that I could but lay—
Upon the church's bier—my dearest—

Among the living—my poor—my dead—
The living, heart, and this dimmed head.

No weary traveller—
Beneath the polar star;

Wanted from him to know that he had the sea—
Ever longed for his delight as misery,

At the still glass—

That leaves o'er the tomb—

For the white robes which shalde have—
See not the sun of good and fair.

There, my darling—oh, last—
Poor weary I shall rest.

There, darling, shall I again with thee,

Never to see thee more—

For the stars are gone—

One half th' mighty crowd seem now—

Yet still some more I long here—

And go and leave—

And leave—

While dale falls softly over thy shade, dome,

Weeping, I'll sprinkle wreaths upon thy tomb.

Original Novel.

THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.

A Legend of Newport.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL JONES," "THE ROVER," &c., &c.

But to day—

With the draw-sack and human thoughts,

A story has come to me, which I

Had long forgotten—N. P. Wolfe.

CHAPTER VI.

"Up rose the Duran with that bone of right;

Let his charge of form avail'd the right;

Up rose the Duran—not in mortal gash;

But the Duran, who durst not stand;

He durst not stand;

